

Good Morning

133

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

NOT A BIT

"CRESTFALLEN"

—as he rides

to school with his

Master, is this

Sulphur Crested

Cockatoo



Telegraphist GEORGE SVENSON?

There's a Birthday Party waiting for you

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE SVENSON, of Carnaby Grove, Hull, send their son, Telegraphist George Walker Svenson, all their best wishes for his 21st birthday.

"Rationing or not," says Mr. Svenson, "my son George will have a real good birthday party when he's home."

"In the meantime, we all wish him many happy returns. We hope he and all the other boys will soon be back for good. Tell him mother is away just now, spending a little holiday with his married sister and his nine-months-old niece, ngrid, who is getting on fine and is now able to stand on her own feet. His brother, Bernard, who got married recently, is settled down nicely to married life. Bernard was in the R.E.s, but was sent home on war work. Now it looks as if he will soon be back in the Army. Norman, his younger brother, recently won a scholarship for the Hull School of Commerce."

Photo shows Mr. Svenson, a demolition man in the A.R.P., turning his hand to lighter duties while Mother was on holiday.

After doing these spuds, Mr. Svenson took us round and showed us several pounds of jam he had made with raspberries and blackberries in his own garden.

Very nice, too! A handy chap is Dad!



TABLOID TALES

By W. H. MILLIER

IN boxing, as in most other professions, the rich prizes are only for the few. The bright particular stars who shine in the warmth of popularity that brings money in fat wads may indulge themselves in whatever takes their fancy.

The poorer brethren of the bash-and-batter trade used, more often than not, to wonder when their next meal would be forthcoming.

It is not an easy life for the professional boxer who just fails to become a first-class performer. The remuneration is poor, and is out of all proportion to the earnings of the more fortunate top-notchers. When engagements are few and far between, the poor second-rater has a lean time.

Jack Daniels was a good boxer who just missed the first fight. He was an honest performer, but he never seemed to have any good luck come his way.

At one of the longest intervals he had between bouts he was compelled to make several visits to the pawnshop to provide something to keep his family. He noticed how badly his wife needed a pair of shoes, and it sorely worried him.

At long last he secured an engagement in a provincial town. This was manna from the skies. The promoter had thoughtfully posted two return rail tickets, and Daniels was glad of this, because Jack Goodwin, the trainer, would be able to accompany him. Goodwin was a remarkably clever second, as well as a fine trainer, and it was a comfort to have him in one's corner.

Arriving in the town some hours before the fight was due to take place, they called on the promoter, and Daniels asked if he would mind advancing him a little of his purse-money as he wanted to buy something before the shops closed.

"Certainly," said the promoter, and at once handed over the needful.

"Now you can get yourself a good meal," said Goodwin when they were outside.

"That's not the most important thing," said Daniels. "I must buy a pair of shoes for Katie before I do anything else."

They found a shop with a bewildering assortment, and the first thing the shop assistant asked was, "What size?"

That was a poser. Daniels didn't know.

He looked at several sizes, and made a choice after trying to visualise the size of his wife's feet.

"I hope I'm right," he said to Goodwin, who told him he was a chump to have been married so long without knowing what size his wife had in shoes. The fight was a hard one for Daniels. It would be just his luck to run into a coming champion for his first contest after such a long lay off. He

took a tremendous amount of punishment, but stuck to his task gamely. Goodwin gave him every encouragement, and advised him to evade as much punishment as he could by making use of the ring.

After the tenth round he sank into the stool in his corner, looking very worried. "Shall I throw in the towel?" asked Goodwin.

"What for?" was the surprised query.

"Well, you look all in and you've taken a hell of a licking. I don't like to see you looking so worried, old pal."

"It ain't the fight I'm worried about. It's them shoes. Supposing they don't fit Katie?"

WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?



Invasion? A famous landmark at Fishguard is the Royal Oak pub. It was here a treaty was signed with the French in 1797, after an attempted invasion. And now you see the answer to all invasions. A sailor lowers a pint whilst he reads the notice on the pub wall!

SHE'S LEADING A DOUBLE LIFE

Here's a typical war-time story Picture 1 shows Trixie Scales, A.R.P. warden, at 2 p.m. Picture 2 shows Trixie Scales, West End cabaret star, at 2 a.m. The girls are certainly buckling down to it.



Periscope Page

QUIZ for today

- 1. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Contumacious, Contumely, Contrapuntal, Convolution, Convolulous?
- 2. Who wrote (a) "The Scarlet Letter," (b) "The Scarlet Pimpernel"?
- 3. Which of the following is an "intruder" and why? Wheat, Lettuce, Beetroot, Raspberry, Cabbage, Spinach, Pea
- 4. What is Athol Brose?
- 5. What and where is the Rubicon?
- 6. What is Schiedam?
- 7. What is meant by the recto of a book?
- 8. What is the length, breadth and thickness of a standard building brick?
- 9. Who was Becky Sharp?
- 10. Who said, "Kind hearts are more than coronets"?

WANGLING WORDS — 95

- 1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after REWI, to make a word.
- 2. Rearrange the letters of INTER BEAR to make a town in Essex.
- 3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: PINE into TREE, LIVE into RAIL, BALL into GAME, BABY into GIRL.
- 4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from WONDERFUL?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 94

- 1. STauncheST.
- 2. ST. LEONARDS.
- 3. MICE, MACE, MALE, BALE, BALL, BAIL, BAIT, GAIT, GRIT, GRIP, TRIP, TRAP.
- 4. GOOD, MOOD, MOON, BOON, BORN, BURN, TURN, LAST, PAST, PART, PARE, PACE, RACE, MEAT, PEAT, PEAS, PENS, PINS, PIES.
- 4. Quit, Quip, Rest, Peer, Pier, Pies, Cure, Cute, Rise, Sire, Cuts, Cues, Tier, Rite, Tire, Site, Ties, User, Ruse, Sure, etc.
- Cruse, Curse, Truce, Steep, Quite, Queer, Crust, Quest, Quire, Pique, Trice, Sprit, Spirt, Trips, Spice, Spire, Spite, Quips, Price, etc.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9			10	11		12	
13							
14			15			16	
17			18			19	
		20	21	22			
23	24	25		26		27	28
		29		30			
31			32			33	34
35			36			37	
38			39			40	

- CLUES DOWN.
- 1 On view. 2 Made at right moment. 3 Revolt.
 - 4 Which one. 5 Booty. 6 Parting word. 7 Apartments. 8 Stretched tight. 11 Pointed. 18 Long ago. 19 Ignoble. 21 Deep collar. 22 Printing-plate. 24 With hole in. 25 Yellow fossil resin. 27 Scallywag. 28 General purport. 30 Excellent. 31 Drink. 34 Trifle.

MUSICAL CANON FIG. ROBIN TAMAR ABET BURBLE D LEVEL SOL IF DIGIT PA ALL TOPIC B NOUGAT COPE TONAL SKILL DAM MOLLY RECIPES

—AND NOW, WHERE'S JEKYLL?

BUT now the ten minutes drew to an end. Poole disinterred the axe from under a stack of packing straw; the candle was set upon the nearest table to light them to the attack; and they drew near with bated breath to where that patient foot was still going-up and down, up and down, in the quiet of the night.

"Jekyll," cried Utterson, with a loud voice, "I demand to see you."

He paused a moment, but there came no reply. "I give you fair warning, our suspicions are aroused, and I must and shall see you," he resumed; "if not by fair means, then by foul—if not of your consent, then by brute force!"

"Utterson," said the voice, "for God's sake, have mercy!"

"Ah, that's not Jekyll's voice—it's Hyde's!" cried Utterson. "Down with the door, Poole!"

Poole swung the axe over his shoulder; the blow shook the building, and the red baize door leaped against the lock and hinges. A dismal screech, as of mere animal terror, rang from the cabinet.

Up went the axe again, and again the panels crashed and the frame bounded; four times the blow fell, but the wood was tough, and the fittings were of excellent workmanship; and it was not until the fifth that the lock burst in sunder and the wreck of the door fell inwards on the carpet.

There lay the cabinet before their eyes in the quiet lamplight, a good fire glowing and chattering on the hearth, the kettle singing its thin strain, a drawer or two open, papers neatly set forth on the business table, and, nearer the fire, the things laid out for tea; the quietest room, you would have said, and, but for the glazed presses full of chemicals, the most commonplace that night in London.

Right in the midst there lay the body of a man, sorely contorted and still twitching. They drew near on tiptoe, turned it on his back, and beheld the face of Edward Hyde.

He was dressed in clothes far too big for him, clothes of the doctor's bigness; the cords of his face still moved with a semblance of life, but life was quite gone; and by the crushed phial in the hand and the strong smell of kernels that hung upon the air, Utterson knew that he was looking on the body of a self-destroyer.

"We have come too late," he said sternly, "whether to save

or punish. Hyde is gone to his account; and it only remains for us to find the body of your master."

Each closet needed but a glance, for all were empty, and all, by the dust that fell from their doors, had stood long unopened.

The cellar, indeed, was filled with crazy lumber, mostly dating from the times of the surgeon who was Jekyll's predecessor; but even as they opened the door they were advertised of the uselessness of further search by the fall of a perfect mat of cobweb which had for years sealed up the entrance.

Nowhere was there any trace of Henry Jekyll, dead or alive.

Poole stamped on the flags of the corridor.

"He must be buried here," he said, hearkening to the sound.

"Or he may have fled," said Utterson, and he turned to examine the door in the by-street. It was locked; and lying nearby on the flags they found the key, already stained with rust.

"This does not look like use," observed the lawyer.

"Use!" echoed Poole. "Do you not see, sir, it is broken, much as if a man had stamped on it?"

The two men looked at each other with a scare. "This is beyond me, Poole," said the lawyer. "Let us go back to the cabinet."

They mounted the stair in silence, and still, with an occasional awestruck glance at the dead body, proceeded more thoroughly to examine the contents of the cabinet. At one table there were traces of chemical work, various measured heaps of some white salt being laid on glass saucers, as though for an experiment in which the unhappy man had been prevented.

"That is the same drug that I was always bringing him," said Poole; and even as he spoke, the kettle, with a startling noise, boiled over.

This brought them to the fire-side, where the easy chair was drawn cosily up and the tea things stood ready to the sitter's elbow, the very sugar in the cup.

There were several books on a shelf; one lay beside the tea things, open, and Utterson was amazed to find it a copy

Dr. JEKYLL & Mr. HYDE

By R. L. Stevenson

of a pious work, for which Jekyll had several times expressed a great esteem, annotated, in his own hand, with startling blasphemies.

Next, in the course of their review of the chamber, the searchers came to the cheval glass, into whose depth they looked with an involuntary horror.

But it was so turned as to show them nothing but the rosy glow playing on the roof, the fire sparkling in a hundred repetitions along the glazed front of the presses, and their own pale and fearful countenances stooping to look in.

"This glass has seen some strange things, sir," whispered Poole.

"And surely none stranger than itself," echoed the lawyer in the same tone. "For what did Jekyll"—he caught himself up at the word with a start, and then, conquering the weakness, "What could Jekyll want with it?" he said. "You may say that!" said Poole.

MIXED DOUBLES

The following are jumbles of pairs of words or things or people often associated together.

- (a) SISTERS' PARTS.
- (b) END IN A TOUR.

(Answers on Page 3)

Next they turned to the business table. On the desk, among the neat array of papers, a large envelope was uppermost, and bore, in the doctor's hand, the name of Mr. Utterson.

The lawyer unsealed it, and several enclosures fell to the floor. The first was a will, drawn in the same eccentric terms as the one which he had returned six months before, to serve as a testament in case of death and as a deed of gift in case of disappearance.

But in place of the name of Edward Hyde, the lawyer, with indescribable amazement, read the name of Gabriel John Utterson. He looked at Poole, and then back at the papers, and last of all at the dead malefactor stretched upon the carpet.

"My head goes round," he said. "He has been all these days in possession; he had no cause to like me; he must have raged to see himself displaced; and he has not destroyed this document."

He caught the next paper; it was a brief note in the doctor's hand, and dated at the top. "Oh,

ROUND THE WORLD

with our Roving Cameraman



HANDY WITH HIS FOOT.

He is a young boatman on Lake Inle, the Lake of Laughter, in Burma, and this is how these experts in the art of balancing send their small canoes over the placid waters. The paddle is used not only as a propelling agent, but as a rudder, and the kids learn the trick before they have reached their teens, and can keep going like this for hours.

Poole!" the lawyer cried, "he was alive and here this day. He cannot have been disposed of in so short a space; he must be still alive, he must have fled! And then, why fled? And how? And in that case can we venture to declare this suicide? Oh, we must be careful. I foresee that we may yet involve your master in some dire catastrophe."

"Why don't you read it, sir?" asked Poole.

"Because I fear," replied the lawyer solemnly. "God grant I have no cause for it!"

And with that he brought the paper to his eye, and read as follows:—

"MY DEAR UTTERSON,—When this shall fall into your hands I shall have disappeared, under what circumstances I have not the penetration to foresee; but my instincts and all the circumstances of my nameless situation tell me that the end is sure and must be early. Go, then, and first read the narrative which Lanyon warned me he was to place in your hands; and if you care to hear more, turn to the confession of 'Your unworthy and unhappy friend, HENRY JEKYLL.'"

"There was a third enclosure?" asked Utterson.

"Here, sir," said Poole, and gave into his hands a considerable packet sealed in several places.

The lawyer put it in his pocket. "I would say nothing

of this paper. If your master has fled or is dead, we may at least save his credit. It is now ten; I must go home and read these documents in quiet, but I shall be back before midnight, when we shall send for the police."

They went out, locking the door of the theatre behind them, and Utterson, once more leaving the servants gathered about the fire in the hall, trudged back to his office to read the two narratives in which this mystery was now to be explained.

(To be continued)

Answers to Quiz in No. 132

- 1. A strayed calf.
- 2. (a) "Cuthbert Bede," (b) Robert Hichens.
- 3. Plumbago is a plant; the others are complaints.
- 4. The gqd of dreams or sleep.
- 5. An island in the Firth of Clyde.
- 6. A woollen plaid worn by a Scottish shepherd.
- 7. Occurring weekly.
- 8. (a) the length of a minute of the meridian, (b) the length of a minute of latitude.
- 9. Character in Sheridan's "Rivals."
- 10. Captain Corcoran, in "H.M.S. Pinafore."
- 11. 1296.
- 12. Handcuffs or fetters.

JANE

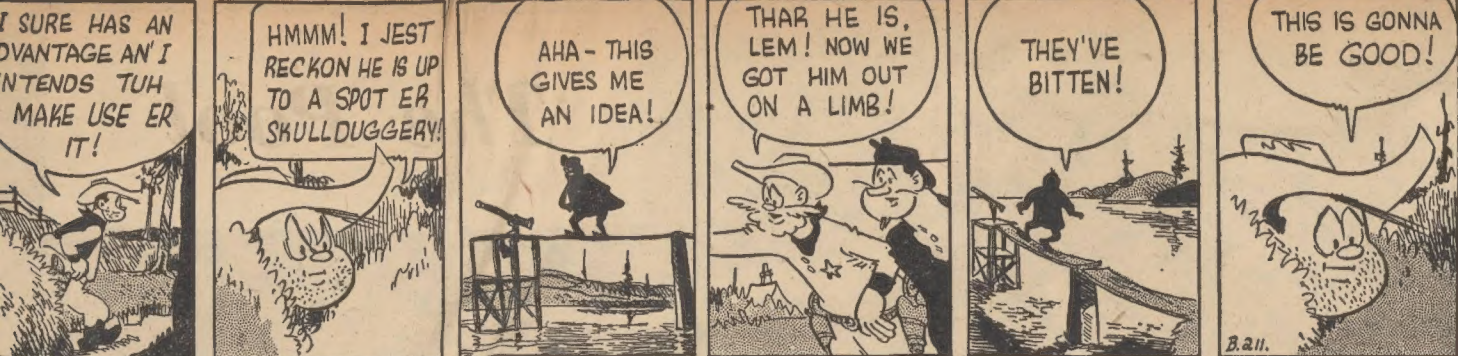
I HAD ALREADY REGRETTED MY HASTY ACTION IN LEAVING YOU, DEAR, WHEN I MET PETER THE PAGE AFTER YOU HAD RESCUED DEMOCRATES—

HE TOLD ME WHAT WAS HAPPENING AT COSMOS—AND, UNWILLING TO LET A RIVAL STEAL MY HUSBAND, I BORROWED HIS CLOTHES, CLIMBED INTO THE PALACE AT NIGHT AND TOOK THE OTHER PAGES INTO MY CONFIDENCE....

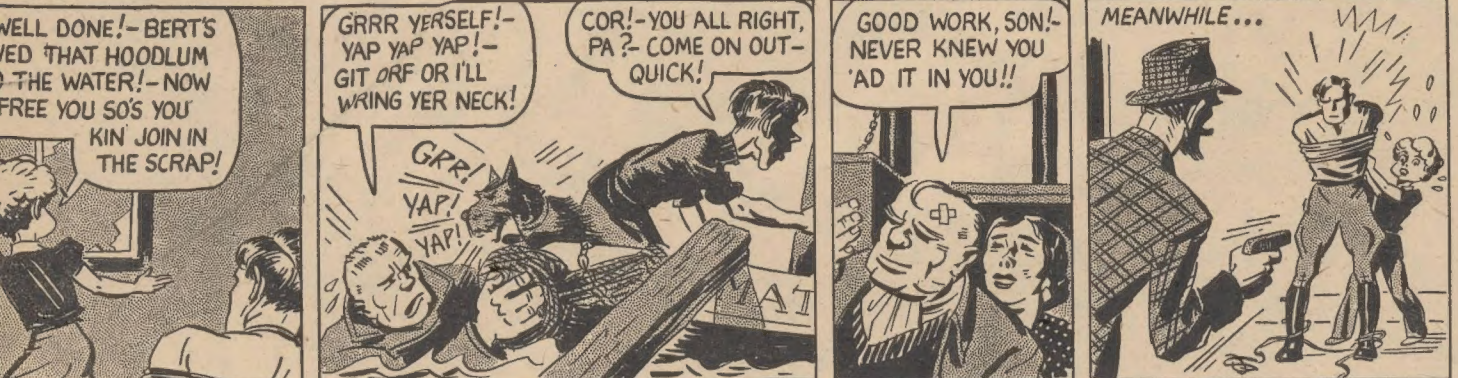
I KNOW NOW THAT MY FEARS WERE UNFOUNDED, CONRAD, BUT—

YES, IT WAS FORTUNATE THAT YOU MADE YOURSELF KNOWN AT THIS JUNCTURE, DARLING!—WE WILL CONFOUND HAGEN BY CONFRONTING HIM WITH THE REAL QUEEN AND HER FAMOUS SCAR...

HEELZEBUB JONES



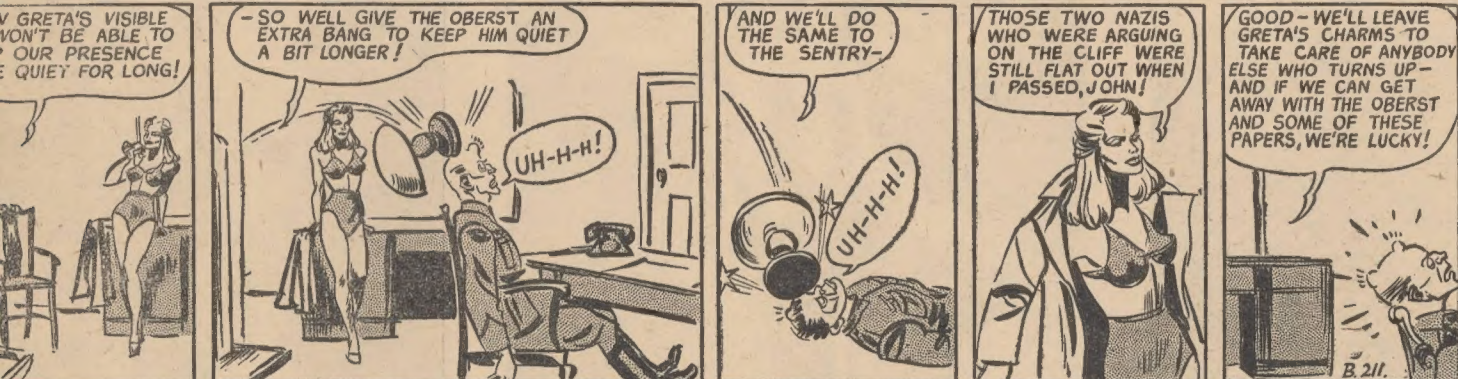
WANDA



EYE



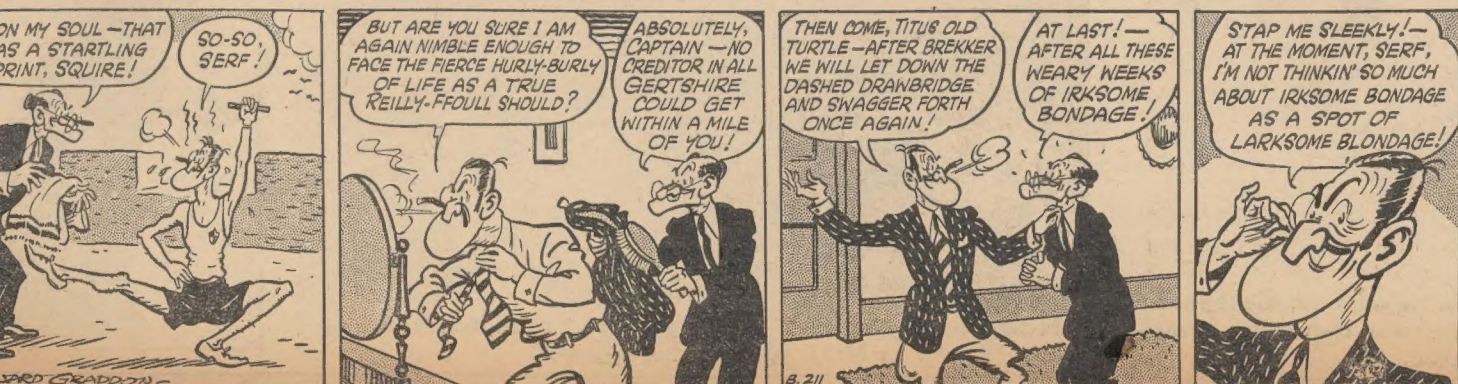
ANGLES



IRTH



T JAKE



The Great Ranji

By THE OLD TOUGH

ACCORDING to the great Thomas Carlyle, "genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains." This applies to great cricketers as well as to great authors, artists, architects, and so forth. No one will deny, I think, that the late Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, more popularly known as "Ranji," was a genius with the bat.

It was said of him that he could play the same ball in at least three different directions with the utmost ease and confidence, and he always seemed to have a second of time longer than anyone else in which to make the stroke.

This latter advantage, he told me, he attributed to the blazing sunshine of India, which gave a native a slightly quicker vision than a European.

Now, although Ranji was master of every stroke, and, indeed, possessed more in his armoury than most great players, don't imagine he attained this proficiency without an "infinite capacity for taking pains." When he was at the very height of his powers, before the cricket season opened, he used to have two or three of the finest English bowlers down to his place for some weeks and practise assiduously every day.

Like the greatest musicians, he was never satisfied; after scoring a faultless century, he always felt that it could have been just a little bit better. Moreover, he made those in whom he took an interest work just as hard.

I remember one day up at Lords, Ranji said to me, "Come across to the nets with me; I am going to watch Duleepsinhji (his nephew) have a practice." I walked across with him, and there was "Duleep," who played for England, batting, as I thought, most beautifully, every shot from the middle of the bat, all clean and crisp.

Ranji stood watching in silence for about fifteen to twenty minutes, then he signalled the bowlers to stop and called Duleep up to us.

"Very nice, very nice indeed," he said quietly, "but, my dear fellow, in the last quarter of an hour you've not scored a single run."

I looked puzzled, and Ranji went on: "You see, you have made practically every shot on the off side, and, of course, the bowler long ago has put all his 'policemen' on that side to stop 'em! Now go on, and let's see strokes all round the wicket, then the bowler cannot stop your getting runs."

I have always looked on that as one of the finest coaching lessons I've ever heard given. Short and to the point. Needless to say, Duleep obliged, and Ranji walked off, quite satisfied.

Argue this out for yourselves

"NEVER AGAIN."

THE "never again" frame of mind is far, far stronger than during or after the last war. There is only one danger, very commonly forgotten or ignored. However determined we may be so to plan as to prevent a recurrence of war, we must remember that a new generation grows up in twenty years or so, to whom the horrible facts of to-day are mere history.

Dr. Norman Bennett (Harley Street, W.1.).

MORALITY.

THE difficulty is that, apart from unfaithfulness in marriage, there is no teaching on sex in the Gospels. The problem of the Church is to present any Christian standard to the young and unattached young of to-day. It is useless merely to tell young people of to-day that promiscuous intercourse is wrong. As we medical men know well, the only preventive is fear, and that fear is not of a religious, but a social, solicism.

Dr. A. E. Moore (Histon, Cambs.).

DEMOCRATIC TEST.

THE test of our democracy will be the way in which ordinary people accept their civic responsibilities by playing their part in the electoral machine, and exerting an enlightened public opinion on matters of Government policy.

David Davidson.

Answers to Mixed Doubles

- (a) STARS & STRIPES.
- (a) TRADE & UNION.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



Can this animal be having "walking" lessons? Looks sheepish to us, anyway.



The Pool

This England



Actually Wales. Fishing in the River Severn at Coleport. Judging by the morning haze, a day when even fish must come up for air, seems indicated.



APEING—HIS BETTER



"Now, don't be stupid. I know you can't read, but honestly I'm NOT playing tug-o-war."

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Clever? phooey. Now 'box the compass.'"

